

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. I.

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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Compare the following article from the pen of Elihu Burritt with the sentiments contained in his letter addressed to the Cincinnati Liberty party convention of June last. In that, he speaks of the American Union as the Isaac of the race, in which all nations should be blessed, and declares that the basis upon which it was placed by the fathers of the republic is broad and deep enough to unite the world.

We are glad that he is beginning to see the Constitution in its true character. He even intimates now that the Devil himself had a hand in its formation, and declares that the northern compromisers, without whose aid it could not have been adopted, were actuated by "mole-footed and mole-eyed selfishness." This is certainly an evidence of true progress.

From the Christian Citizen.

"THE OTHER GREAT INTERESTS" AND SLAVERY.

The relation of the Northern States to Slavery was conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity. It is the offspring of that principle of vicious venality, "other great interests." Hardly had the sun dried the soil of America from the red dews of human blood, shed in the Revolutionary war, by those who fought for freedom, than this cardinal doctrine of Northern politics was elevated to be the highest and holiest attribute of their political morality. "Other great interests" were to be secured first in the provisions of the national Constitution, though men were sacrificed, and the principles contained in the Revolutionary struggle trampled in the dust forever. In apportioning out "the inherent rights of man," or rather of democracy, "the other great interests" were looked after, with a vengeance. If Satan had, by joint ballot, been permitted to give, from the Speaker's chair, the casting vote in favor of everlasting slavery, he could not have dealt a heavier blow to the cause of freedom, than was inflicted by the mole-eyed and mole-footed selfishness of the North, in compromising the Three-Fifths representation basis. And one might suppose, without superstition, that the great Father of Lies carried the chief d'œuvre of malignant cunning by proxy in the consummation of that measure. We are sure that the aggregate genius of the Northern and Southern delegates that convened to form the Constitution, could not have produced such a political invention for a self-perpetuating system of slavery, without the concurrence of extra-human influences. There have been slaves from time immemorial, they say; who have worn the fetters of bondage in every age, and country, and clime—white slaves, chiefly, taken captive in war, and held to perpetual bondage by custom. But up to the time of the great American secession, slavery has been deemed an involuntary condition, and ancient then were wont to keep a sharp eye on their slaves, lest they should runaway some night. But here in this genteel Egypt, slavery exists by a tenure that Pharaoh never dreamed of when he let his bondmen go. By the ingenious wickedness of the Constitution, nearly three millions of our fellow beings are not only "compelled to volunteer," but to vote to be slaves by themselves, together with their children to the latest generation. They are not only subject to the ordinary suffering of ancient slavery, but a mocked suffrage is forced upon them, which, at every election, compels free slaves to cast three votes against their own emancipation. Most subtle and astute of all human devices! The bought, bound, chattered Americans groaning in bondage, in this land of the free, have twenty-one Representatives in the National Congress, sent there to denounce and vote down even the mildest petition for the abolition or restraint or mitigation of slavery in any part of the Union. Is not this true? Who says no? By this blasphemous outrage on human volition, are not three millions of our chattered brethren and sisters virtually brought into the halls of the American Congress—brought and posted there in chain-gangs, and compelled, through their master-representatives, to ratify their claims against any prayer for an alleviation of their condition! Who says no to that?

But is the South to blame for endowing slavery with such a principle of ever expanding immortality? Who is to answer for the inhuman cunning and ingenious wickedness of this system? We would draw no invidious comparisons, but we believe the South incapable of such an intervention, for lack of fertility of genius and intellectual acumen. It was the first born offspring of the two-edged selfishness of the North. A system that ages of barbarous despotism could not invent, came into being as easily as a bargain between two horse-jockeys. The North wanted to have the Southern slaves taxed, to pay the expense of fighting for their liberty in the revolution, or any other war that might be waged for their inalienable rights. "The other great interests" were making an earnest demonstration of their hidden nature. A pretty dilemma, this! The North would not insist that the slaves were really men, nor exactly beasts. They were determined that these human beings should pay; that they should range on the tax-roll somewhere between the upper brute and the lower human. To call them cattle, would raise the taxes at the North; to call them three-fifths human would raise the taxes at the South, provided the expenses of the government were to be raised by direct taxation. Had "the other great interests" permitted the North to allow the Southern slaves to be taxed as cattle, they could have escaped that terrible right of suffrage we have described, and the world would never have witnessed that strange anomaly in a republic, the three-fifths basis of representation. Far better—keep easy, friends, far better had it been for the slaves, if they had been put down by the North as cattle outright, in this matter of taxation; for then they would have escaped that iron and ironical suffrage which yearly forges for their limbs new irons of bondage. Then would they have been delivered from the invincible Twenty-One, Slavery's Life Guard, in Congress; and by this time, perhaps, the bar of our National Legislature might have been accessible to the prayer of the slave as that of Heaven. But "the other great interests" pleaded like horse-leeches, as they have always done, and always will do, so long as they are permitted to usurp the throne of right and fill the holy of holies of human freedom with the seats of money-changers, and the small wares of selfishness. The North determined the slaves should be taxed, not as cattle, but partially as men. Well, taxation without representation was an outrageous proposition as soon after the revolution. It was a violation of one of the "inherent rights of man," which could not be tolerated. If the slaves were to be taxed as men, they ought to be represented as men. The North scratched its head thoughtfully at this proposition—it was clear as day. They had fixed this principle on Bunker Hill. If from equals you take equals, the remainder will be equals—that fact had been established on some other hill. Well, then, if, in case of direct taxation only, the slaves were to be rated as three-fifths human, then they ought to be represented as three-fifths human. It was indubitably so, and the compromise was concluded. "The other great interests" were satisfied, and slavery acquired a capacity of self-extension and perpetuation that no system of sin had ever won before. In the House of Representatives the Southern States have 88 members. Sixty-seven of these are properly the Representatives of slaveholders; the remaining twenty-one are the representatives of the slaves, whose business it is to represent slavery as the cornerstone of a republic; as the happiest condition that the African race can enjoy, at least in this land of Bibles.

It should be passed to the credit of "the other great interests," that the North may yet realize some pecuniary offset to this boon to slavery. We cannot say, with confidence, that the Federal Government has ever derived a farthing of revenue from a tax on slaves. We have no record on hand, nor time to look up one, of any direct national tax imposed since the adoption of the Constitution. Nor import—there may be a direct tax sometime or other, and then—give ear, O humanity! and then there will something accrue to "the other great interests" for giving life and immortality and power and dominion to the Beast. For slavery thus expanded will pour into the coffers of "the other great interests" more than a corn basket full of coined copper. Men voted at the last Presidential election who will see perhaps twenty millions of slaves in the Union—we are sure of it, if "the other great interests" shall continue to be to the political morality of the North what the love of God is to religion. Well, think of that! what a revenue will accrue from twenty millions of beings rated as three-fifths human in case of a direct tax!

We cannot speak with that enthusiasm of such a prospect which "the other great interests" demand of their devotees. We leave it to them to balance accounts with humanity between "the other great interests" and slavery.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

The following extract from the New York Evening Mirror will give some idea of the depth of scurrility and blackguardism to which a paper, calling itself decent, can descend without losing character or patronage among broad-cloth respectability and popular christianity.

"The Hon. Joshua R. Giddings is, as half the world knows, M. C. from Ohio, a State famous alike for its pork and politicians, and

for having produced that great hero of the Senate—Mr. Allen. We are not certain about Mr. Giddings's politics; he has occasionally fancied himself a Whig, and at other times proved a good loco foco. He is the victim of the most outrageous hallucinations, and above all men, is deserving of the universal compassion of mankind. We cannot conscientiously class him with either of the recognized parties, nor yet as the founder of any new political sect; we consider him to be an unique specimen of the human extra (which, like the extras of now-a-days, are nothing very extraordinary). Mr. G. was the 'make-weight' thrown in—the thirteenth in a baker's dozen of doughy naturals. It is a fact, (and we claim the merit of discovery,) which in the course of a few years will be universally acknowledged by physiologists, that there is in this funny world of ours, numbers of wretches who have only got here by blunder, and who betray by their unvarying tendency to lunacy, that they were originally intended for the moon—the grand asylum of nature's lunatics. We don't by any means wish to insinuate that Mr. Giddings belongs to these unfortunate, but we aver that he is by far too good—too amiable—too philanthropic for this world.

As a philanthropist, Mr. Giddings is unequalled. The ruling passion of his life is a measureless love for the colored race. This is worthy of all praise. We, too, love our unbleached brethren and sisters; we once upon a time lost our sensitive heart to a cream colored angel in the South, and our commission has always been excited when we have reflected upon the 'outer darkness' which envelops our fellow-creatures—those unhappy specimens of humanity in eclipse. But if we love a black man much, we love a white man more, nor could we consent to offer up our fellow-citizens of the South as sacrifices to our philanthropy. By Mr. Giddings is different; he is a fire and sword philanthropist, and would convince the world of his love of his kind at the cannon's mouth. We are not much given to gravity, but we will try to be serious for two minutes, while we call to mind the delivery of his philanthropic speech on the Oregon question. We never saw such a piteous exhibition of frantic hatred—malignant and nervous spleen. The vicious yelp of a toothless hound, or the bloodless fury of a fangless snake, would be compared with Mr. Giddings's manner. For each blood-thirsty twaddle, he would have been hoisted from the wigwag of an Indian, and deep damnable or soon misery would enter the good works of a lifetime, and outweigh the fame of a Washington. We would not enter on our list of friends, the man whose heart was black enough to conceive, or whose tongue was vile enough to utter such devilish schemes—we would turn aside, though he was dying, choked in uttering his latest malice.

As it regards personal appearance, Mr. G. is about the middle height, and like all the members from Ohio, is very far from being a dandy. With respect to beauty, he is a first-rate specimen of complete failure, and you would judge him at first sight to be the most ill-tempered and woe-begone philanthropist that ever longed to shed blood. His principal use in the House is to stand as a target (invulnerable) for the chivalrous and ardent folks. The chief point in his speech is to get called to order as often as possible, and in this he succeeds to admiration.

It is 'worth a Jew's eye' to see the perseverance exhibited by young Southerners in insulting him every time he is rash enough to rise; (this is a harmless pastime, for although Mr. G. is very blood-thirsty in the abstract, he has a horror of shedding blood personally, or of having his own personal blood shed,) so that there are few opprobrious epithets in the language which have not been applied to him. He is not a great orator—the man's mind is made up of metaphysical angles, which don't fit into each other; it is besides cramped and rheumatic—so that his thoughts are not altogether healthy—they are tainted by "raw-head-and-bloody-bones," dreams, black milleniums and "anagmatism" horrors. In short, it is our humble belief that if Mr. G. does not speedily retire from public business, a few more years of 'philanthropy' will render him an excellent 'colored' gentleman, and Ohio will exult in a chocolate-hued Representative.

ARE THE MEXICANS COWARDS?

They have been so aggrandized by their Texan enemies. This is natural. A few short weeks will prove or refute the calumny. It has not yet been established. The fields of Goliad, of Miraflores, and the fortress of Alamo have not witnessed their ineptitude. No, nor the San Jacinto itself, where, trapped and surrounded, they fought bravely, laughing in the faces of their enemies while in the act of receiving their fire. It remains to be seen whether our Texan brethren have not concealed from us the other side of the picture. It is but the common law of human nature. *Judis alteram partem.* A few inquiries after the truth may not be amiss. It will soon force itself upon us. And first of all, Who are the Mexican soldiery? It cannot be denied that the great body of the Mexican army, the ranks, are filled up by the dusky aborigines—the slaves of slavery that runs back beyond even tradition. But are these feeble serfs that bent before the Montezumans, the easy prey of a few hundred ruffian Spaniards? Not altogether. In the ranks, too, will be found the descendants of the brave Tascallians and the sturdy Mountaineers of Guanaxtato, Zacatecas and San Luis Potosi, the white planters of the Rio Grande

and the rancheros of the plains—the finest horsemen in the world.

Take a bird's eye view of Mexican history for the last thirty-six years: What have these people been doing? Fighting. From the day on which Hidalgo unfurled the standard of her independence, Mexico has been the scene of ceaseless warfare; not mere guerilla warfare, as is generally supposed, but a war that chronicles many bloody fields—actions of greater magnitude (if numbers be a criterion) than have ever been fought in the United States. Upward of 5,000 soldiers are buried on the field of Quail de Amilpas; Zacatecas drank the blood of as many; and half a dozen other battle-grounds have witnessed an equal carnage. Many of these battles were fought under the black ensign, the emblem of the "guerra al muerte;" while the watch-words of "no quarter!" "victory or death!" rung in the ears of the combatants. If we stigmatize the Mexicans as cowards, we must at least confess that they are not afraid of each other. But is it to be supposed that the veteran survivors of these battles have returned to their mountains and their valleys to instruct their children in the arts of peace? Not so. On the contrary, they have scattered the seeds of a military spirit over the whole land; and Mexico, long oppressed by a supine and effeminate slavery, has become, within a few short years, a military nation. We are preparing to march against a people who have been cradled amidst warfare. Let our Government, then, take heed. They find already that they have underrated the strength and valor of the Mexican people. Let the Mexicans be once united, (and in a case like this—the holy cause of defending the hearth and home—they will unite) and we may learn from experience to heed the lesson which history has taught us in vain, that a despised people can make a valiant and bloody resistance.—New York Tribune.

Rev. Mr. TORREY.—The funeral services of this gentleman—the martyr to his efforts in the cause of the slave—efforts sincere, no doubt, but whether guided by discretion and a proper judgment of the ground which was before him, are questions upon which all may differ—were celebrated at the Tremont Temple yesterday afternoon. The body of him who had died in vindication of the faith in which he lived, was deposited in a lower room of the Temple, in a plain coffin, and was an object of continual interest to an immense number of visitors. The great hall in which the funeral services were performed, was crowded to discomfort in every part—every aisle on the floor and gallery, as well as every seat of the Temple being occupied. After the services commenced, the stream of ingress and egress was about equal—a crowd was continually gathering to enter, while an equal number was ready to escape from the press and heat within.

The services commenced with a hymn. Portions of Scripture were then read by Rev. Mr. Horton, of the Wesleyan Church, a prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Colver, and another Hymn was sung.

A sermon by Rev. J. C. Lovejoy, of Cambridge, a Prayer and Benediction, closed the services at the Temple.

At the conclusion of the services, a procession of carriages was formed, which followed the corpse to Mount Auburn.

The meeting at Faneuil Hall in the evening was respectfully attended, but there was no crowd. Several speakers addressed the assembly, and their remarks, though sometimes widely diverging from the immediate subject which had called the audience together, were received with general sympathy and applause.

Communications.

REPORT OF THE NEW LISBON A. S. SEWING CIRCLE.

In this country, professing as we do to hold forth to the civilized world the great boon of civil and religious liberty, it is important that our practice should correspond with our profession. What are the facts which our conduct presents to the world? Are there not at this moment nearly three millions of human beings held in the most abject bondage—a bondage more absolute than can be found in any other country, having any claims to civilization. Then while these things exist, what are our duties? what our responsibilities? Shall we supinely stand by and be guilty witnesses of all the outrages to which the American slave is exposed, and raise no voice of warning, remonstrance or admonition? Shall we tacitly consent to the continuance of the wrong, and thus become actual participants in guilt? And this too while every slave mother is daily and hourly exposed by the avarice or lust of her master to have her only daughter, it may be her upon whom all the affections of a fond mother may be concentrated, placed upon the auction block among horses and swine, and there exposed to heartless jeers, unprotected, her feelings outraged, and her person shamelessly exposed to the gaze of a horde of licentious stock-jobbers in human flesh, in order that her oppressor may be enabled to obtain a higher

price for his crushed and perishing victim.—We feel that while these outrages exist and are daily and hourly occurring, it is our duty to do all that we can to remove from this otherwise favored land this iniquity. For this purpose a few of the Anti-Slavery women of New Lisbon and vicinity associated themselves together on the 8th of March, 1845. The number of names enrolled at different times as members of the Society is 42; but the average attendance has been about 20 at the regular meetings of the Society. The result of our labors for the past year may be seen by an examination of the annexed Report of the Treasurer.

The Treasurer of the A. S. Sewing Circle reports, that she has received

From Fair Table,	\$72 87
From Refreshment Table,	98 27
In donations, &c.	18 46
	\$189 60

Paid out for copies of Anti-Slavery Bugle,	65 00
True American,	2 00
Other A. S. Publications,	2 44
Donation to Ohio A. S. Society,	55 88
Military Articles,	81 78
	\$178 11

Leaving a balance in the Treasury of \$11 49. We have also on hand fancy and other articles suitable for sale valued at \$29 78.

We would embrace the present opportunity of acknowledging the kind co-operation of the Anti-Slavery friends in different sections of this and adjoining counties in furnishing facilities and means for our Refreshment Tables. By order of the Society.

MARY BURNS, Secretary.

[The above Report would have been published in our last, had it been received in time. We were about making up the paper when it came to hand.—Eds.]

THE "RETRACTION" ONCE MORE.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—I should forbear referring to this subject, but for an apprehension that it is necessary, in order that a correct understanding of the position of Jos. Mead may be had. Though friends T. and E. L. Borton, in the 11th No. of the Bugle, imply that J. Mead made (unintentionally) an erroneous statement, yet, it may seem strange they did not correct it. They reply to that which he did not assert, but do not object to what he did say. They say he (Mead) did not appear to be aware that the "Quarterly Meeting" set aside the report of the committee. Joseph traced the matter no further than through the committee and the meeting, or conference, which followed; and it appears that it passed both by the prevailing sentiment of the members. This is doubtless correct from the fact that no part of what Jos. Mead did say is questioned. I have also the testimony of another friend who was present and who prefers his name should not be used, as he has already declined writing out a statement of the matter. In a letter to me, he says, "I will however say in confidence that Joseph Mead's statement is substantially correct." This friend expresses his sympathy with the Friends of Green Plain, and says if they had been met in the same spirit which they manifested, he believes the difficulty would have been settled. Thus it appears there is no point at issue between friends Borton and Mead.

Having derived my information principally from him, I never intended to say, and as will appear by my statement in the 37th No. of the Bugle, have not said even as much as I should now feel authorized to do.

I do not recollect ever intimating that a formal offer or attempt to retract ever reached the Yearly Meeting. But as I stated, it was only material to my purpose that prominent members agreed to retract or condemn a former act; and this now appears to be true to a much greater extent than I was ready to conclude was the case, after reading the first letter of friends Borton. In that note they appeared to be almost entirely ignorant that any thing of the kind had occurred, except that one individual, or perhaps two or three, had privately expressed some regret for some part of the disclaimer. They did not even appear positive that even one individual had done so.

It is consistent with the reputation of these friends (T. and E. L. Borton) to be tolerant towards those who differ from them, and they speak deferentially about our 'mistakes,' and 'lack of knowledge.' This can create no offence. I am pleased with the spirit of their letter, and wish I could ask them as gently, whether, after the proposed concessions had formally passed a committee and a subsequent meeting, and received the official sanc-

tion of both, they did not lack a little knowledge to say, 'we think one individual has expressed a sentiment that he thought it would have been better if the name had not been mentioned. There may be others of the same sentiment, but we apprehend the number is very small.'

Respectfully, B. B. DAVIS.

[We would suggest that our friends settle this "retraction" question by private correspondence. They must be aware that it is only the result that will interest our readers.—Eds.]

COLUMBIANA, June 1st, 1846.

TO ABOLITIONISTS.

I am informed that the Anniversary meeting is to be held, many supposing it to be in the village of New Garden. The place fixed upon is at New Garden meeting house, 2½ miles north-east of the above village, and 6 miles south of Salem. Ample provision will be made for all who may attend; none need stay away on account of it being held in the country. It is expected that each day's meeting will commence as early in the morning as the friends can conveniently assemble, and adjourn early enough to give ample time for those in attendance to return to their places of abode. As our female friends are making arrangements for a refreshment table adjacent to the meeting, it will only be necessary to have a short recess at noon to enable those who feel disposed to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Remember that the money expended at this table will be applied to advancing the time of the slave's redemption. Remember too, that friends Pillsbury, Posters, and perhaps Burleigh from the East, besides a host of choice spirits of our own Western soil, will be there to give life and energy to the meeting, which cannot fail to make it interesting. Then come, come one, come all. Let us show to the world that notwithstanding Virginia has kidnapped our citizens, and Kentucky, aided by slavery's watch dogs of our own State, has ruthlessly torn Phinney from the bosom of his family, and that too from our very capital, and incarcerated him in her dungeon; and our blessed Union has declared war against, and is now actively engaged in slaughtering the Mexicans to satisfy the demands of slavery; notwithstanding all this, we will not be deterred from our purpose. If we had a father, mother, brother, sister, or one of our own children enduring all the pangs and sufferings of a slave under the merciless lash of a southern taskmaster, could we be induced to remain at home? Have we not brothers and sisters in bondage? Then come up by hundreds—yes, by thousands and renew our resolve, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

L. HOLMES.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—Not being a candidate for any office, I feel less fear than did H. Clay or J. K. Polk, one year ago last fall, to express my opinion and make my position known with reference to several points which I believe to be of greater importance than the annexing of ten thousand slave holding provinces like Texas, to our already bloody Union—positions involving the happiness of millions of my race, now and forever. I hope therefore you will give the same a conspicuous place in your paper; and I further hope that the members of Wesleyan Methodist Churches throughout the connection, and Liberty Party voters every where, and Disunionists the country over, will impartially read; and if my views are not correct, convince me of my errors and I forsake them at once.

1st. My position in regard to the Wesleyan Methodists voting with Liberty Party is this: (seeing that voting in the Liberty Party ranks, is looked upon both by north and south, as an act directly opposed to slavery.) I believe they can and do innocently vote—I mean without incurring guilt—not having light on the subject; and further, that those of the Wesleyan Church, who can't conscientiously vote under the Constitution of the U. S., may nevertheless fellowship all their brethren, who from the clearest conviction and light they have on the subject, do vote, believing that voting is the most effectual way that they can do battle against slavery, without in the least degree criminalizing themselves before God, or in the judgment of those who look rightly into the subject. And wherefore? Because there does not appear to be any thing selfish in the act of voting; but on the contrary, there appears to be a

* The reason why I call especially upon the Wesleyan Methodists, Liberty Party men and Disunionists to read, is the fact that I am connected with two of them, and sympathize with the other. And I hope that each of the above named parties will feel interested in settling me right, if I am wrong. It is light that I am seeking. I will therefore thank any person, who will in a friendly manner expose my errors, and show me the right way; for I will do any thing that will in the least degree go against the hellish system of slavery—for slavery must be done away.

disinterested love—a philanthropic spirit is manifested, almost without a parallel. For it is clear that all who unite and vote with the Liberty Party sacrifice all their political honors and many of their political friends, and bring upon themselves many sarcastical epithets, such as lovers of negroes—in a word they are called almost every thing but lovers of their country. Yet they, in view of all the vituperations that are cast upon them, are seen urging onward in the manly strife against slavery, that vile system of all iniquity, at the sacrifice of every thing that appears selfish. For these reasons with many others that might be given, I think the conscientious voters in the Liberty Party, who are members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, may be fellowshipped by their non-voting brethren, without their church becoming accessory to the stealing of men; or in other words, without becoming a little one in the great Brotherhood of Thieves.

2nd. My position in regard to the Disunionists is the following:—That they are right and will do more in proportion to their numbers, to overturn the system of slavery than the Liberty Party, or any other party now existing. And I therefore think that it is highly opprobrious to call them Tories or haters of their country; for they are truly the lovers of their country, and the haters of the selfish system of slavery. For surely, say they, that part of the Union which has already cost us (the North) eight hundred millions of dollars, and the lives of a number of our peaceable citizens, and the imprisonment of many others, and which continues to insult us with this kind of language, "pay us (the South) your money, and we will shoot your men; contend you for our union together, and we will tear your men, husbands and fathers from their wives and children, and consign them to the damp sickly walls of our prison houses; continue ye subservient to our nod, and we in return will give you tar and feathers, pistols and bowie knives enough." Surely such a Union is not a desirable one. And further I believe that the Disunionists should be regarded as the lovers of righteous and reasonable union, but as the most inveterate haters of that union which is kept up at the awful sacrifice of the flesh and blood and souls of three millions of human beings—and also at the sacrifice of all that is honorable or of good report belonging to ten millions more: yea as the haters of that system which has glutted itself on the warm heart's blood of not only three millions of living slaves, but also upon about two millions more whose deathless spirits have gone to their God; and which after all this vile outrage, turns upon us, the pliant dough-faces of the North, and disgorges from its hellish maw all the putrid excrement that has been contracting for ages, by devouring the images of God, and the purchase of Christ; causing us to stink in the nostrils of the world as bad as the dregs of hell, and then lifts up its demon head and asks for union, while alas! the north re-echoes back the cry, Union. Such a Union is dear, (that is, it costs enough.)

3d. My position with regard to the Liberty Party and the Disunionists conjointly is: That they fall not out by the way; that they spend not a moment in contending with each other about small matters, or in trying to tear out each other's eyes. But that they (though they differ as to the means,) agree as to the end—the downfall of slavery; and that they labor in harmony to accomplish that end, and that end alone. And further that each party should be incessantly engaged to enlarge their borders, (if they believe that they are right,) and that they rally all their strength to the ballot boxes of our country, to record their testimony against slavery being a part of the union, or having an existence under its auspices. And further, that they lose none of their influence by neglecting to make their strength known; while the Liberty Party men vote for principle through men; thus, for President, James G. Birney—and the Disunionists for principle without men; thus, "No union with slaveholders." They should feel alike interested in reporting through the public prints, their numbers, and having the same heralded throughout the North and South, that the North may be strengthened in their good work, and that the South may be made to feel that the days of slavery are numbered.

4th. My position with regard to the Wesleyan Methodists receiving pro-slavery political men into their connection is the following:—Seeing they have as a general thing withdrawn from slaveholding churches, and have organized themselves into a Church especially opposed to slavery, it is inconsistent and wrong for them to receive into their connection, or to invite to their communion, in any case, one who will knowingly vote with any pro-slavery political party, or for any pro-slavery man; and further, that no person who has been in the habit of thus voting, having become a member of their church, should be continued therein without an immediate

renunciation of all intention to do so again; and further, that they should from this time forth, unequivocally let the same be known to all.

5th. My position with regard to the Wesleyans inviting to their communion members of pro-slavery churches is, that it is shamefully inconsistent so to do. It is virtually acknowledging that they are right, i. e. good Christians. Further, if the Wesleyans can fellowship a part of a pro-slavery body, they can the whole, and if they can fellowship the whole of an awfully corrupt Church, they had as well go back from whence they came.—But the man of charity says, "O hush! we can certainly invite the anti-slavery members of other churches to our communion, without in the remotest sense fellowshipping a pro-slavery organization. Let us look: what do those anti-slavery members? Why they fellowship the man thief, and the Wesleyan man of charity fellowships them, i. e. he fellowships them that fellowship them that sell the image of their God; yea, that sell Jesus Christ himself in the person of his servants, and call upon the entire Wesleyan connection to fellowship that part of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and every other pro-slavery Church, that fellowships the part that by oppressing the poor, causes the name of God every day to be blasphemed. To conclude the story, I would remark, that argument amounts to this, and nothing more or less—that the Anti-Slavery members of other churches may to-day kneel side by side, in communion, with their slave-holding brethren whose entire persons are dripping with blood, and to-morrow the Wesleyans invite them to come and kneel with them, and eat with them the flesh, and drink with them the blood of Jesus Christ. Oh, consistency, show thyself this once! Let me respond to the call; no never will I adopt the sentiments of Wesleyan fellowship, if it be to fellowship the demon man-thief, though it should lead to my excommunication immediately.

From the foregoing, the careful reader can ascertain the faith of one who feels deeply on the subject of reform, which faith I intend to practice whilst I have any probationary being.

N. SELBY.

P. S. Will the Spirit of Liberty, Washington Patriot and True Wesleyan please copy?

[Judging from what we had heard of our friend Selby, and from his former communication, we had supposed that his vision was clear in relation to the only true position that Abolitionists ought to hold, but in the foregoing letter we find "Good Lord! Good Devil!" all in the same breath. He says he is a Disunionist, but sympathizes with Liberty Party. This seems to us a moral impossibility. The foundation principle of Disunion, is the pro-slavery character of the U. S. Constitution, and the sinfulness of voluntarily sustaining, or promising to sustain it, while the doctrine by which Liberty Party lives is the anti-slavery character of the Constitution, and the duty of voting under it. The fact that both parties have the abolition of slavery in view, would be no reason why they should harmonize, nor is our friend willing to apply this doctrine to a Whig who sincerely believes that voting for Henry Clay is the best means to destroy the system; on the contrary, so far from sympathizing with him, he will not even fellowship him as a Christian. If he sympathizes with, and extends the right hand of church fellowship to those, who, to abolish slavery, maintain a pro-slavery Constitution, why withhold fellowship and christian communion from those, who to effect the same end, support a pro-slavery candidate or party? We hope that by further investigation and reflection he may be enabled to see the inconsistency of his position, and learn where the truth is. Let not him or others think that we lack charity, for although we cannot sympathize with Liberty Party, we have sympathy with members of that party, as we also have with Whigs and Democrats, and all who have suffered for the slave's sake.

Our limits will not permit us to say more at present.—Eds.]

THE LIBERTY CONVENTION.

The great Liberty Party Convention, which was to have been the greatest gathering of the people that ever was witnessed on this part of the footstool, has been held.—Handbills were distributed, advertisements were inserted in the papers, calling upon all to attend. SAMUEL LEWIS, candidate for Governor, was to be present, and also several other eminent speakers; and every effort was made to ensure a large attendance. The hour came, and at there were scarce two score assembled. Disappointment sat brooding on the countenances of the prominent Liberty men, and consequently none felt very energetic. They however settled their preliminaries, and Mr. Lewis gave them an address. He stated at the outset that, what is wrong in morals, is wrong in politics, and that he would not do politically, what is morally wrong. Verily, his standard of morals

must be rather low, if he considers every thing which his oath as Governor of Ohio requires him to do, is morally right; or, that it is morally right for him to take an oath to do what he knows it would be very wrong for him to do.

He spoke very indignantly of the abominable slave laws that exist in Ohio and the District of Columbia, and told us that there are but two ways to get rid of them, or rather bring about a revolution of any kind, viz: by resorting to physical force, or by the exertion of moral power through the ballot box. Certainly Christ was mistaken as to the efficacy of the means he used to regenerate the world. Verily, Luther, Fox, Penn, and all the great revolutionists of the 16th and 17th centuries, knew but little of human nature in adopting the means which they did to effect a revolution. But Mahomed, aye Mahomed understood the true philosophy.—He resorted to physical force to effect his object. 'Tis true that Liberty party prefers the ballot box, but in the days of Mahomed that instrument was not discovered; consequently there was but one way for him to adopt. Mr. Lewis possesses a strong mind, is quite an energetic speaker, and makes powerful appeals to the feelings. During the evening session, which was thinly attended, Mr. Preston made quite a good old-fashioned anti-slavery speech. The meeting then adjourned after it was announced that Judge King would be present the next day, and it was expected there would be a very large meeting.

Next morning a booth was put up in front of the house to accommodate those who could not get in, but when the hour came, just fifty four, friends and foes, men, women and children, assembled. Some resolutions against the action of government in relation to Texas and Mexico were passed with but little discussion. The meeting then adjourned till 1 o'clock P. M. to hear the committee on nominations report, and until 2 o'clock for other business. At 1 o'clock about a baker's dozen convened and nominated candidates for county offices. During the afternoon the meeting was larger, numbering near a hundred, perhaps. A series of resolutions were read, when Mr. Lewis addressed the meeting, after which Mr. Hoffman gave an address, at the close of which the resolutions read at the opening of the session, were passed without a second reading, and ordered to be published. Then adjourned sine die.

Considering that this is the strong hold of Liberty party in Columbiana county, and the efforts that were put forth to get up a large convention, it was almost a total failure.—Poor Liberty party! I hope that those who are sincere will soon abandon it as an instrumentality incapable of overthrowing slavery, and adopt the motto which is the hope of the slave, "No union with Slaveholders."

M.

[We did not attend the Convention above referred to, but have heard several speak of it as does our correspondent. We had a desire to see and hear Liberty party's candidate and the other speakers present with whose fame we are somewhat acquainted, but were unable to do so without great inconvenience, and did not feel disposed to make the sacrifice, especially as we had reason to believe we should not be welcome unless we attended as silent spectators. We had not forgotten that at the last meeting called by the friends of Liberty party in this place, that some of them manifested strong symptoms of displeasure because we opposed the resolutions they reported; we had not forgotten that we were accused of monopolizing the time of the meeting; we had not forgotten that an attempt was made to gag one of us, and that after adjournment boasts were falsely made that the attempt was successful.—As this was an electioneering and nominating meeting, we felt less inclination to participate in its proceedings, than if it had been a gathering of the people uncommitted to its measures, and therefore better prepared to judge dispassionately of the arguments that can be brought against it.

We will remark in this connection that we have been informed, and we think our authority pretty good, that Samuel Lewis occupies a position which he would not maintain were he not the nominee of the party, that so soon as the election is over he intends to withdraw from his present ecclesiastical connection, but cannot do it now, as his position is in a certain sense the property of the party, whose prospects would be injured by the severing of the bonds of christian fellowship with the Episcopal Methodists at this time. He may well fear for the success of his party. His church membership will not save it, it is stricken with a disease beyond the reach of such remedy. The change he has found in Columbiana county, where fear of their best speakers—one the present, and another the past candidate for Governor—could not in a two day's meeting call out more than an average audience of 60 or 70 persons, is a change that we apprehend will be found in many places in Ohio and elsewhere.—Eds.]

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JUNE 3, 1846.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

ANNIVERSARY NOTICE.

The Ohio Am. A. S. Society will hold its Annual Meeting at New Garden, Col. Co., commencing on the 17th of June, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Arrangements are being made for the attendance of prominent advocates of the oppressed, not only of our own, but other states; the result of which, with other particulars, will be made known previous to the meeting.

From the increasing interest in this state we anticipate a GENERAL RALLY. We also invite our friends of Western Pennsylvania, and Eastern Indiana to be with us on that occasion, and aid in devising efficient plans of operation for the coming year.

By order of the Ex. Com. of the O. A. A. S. Society. LOT HOLMES, Rec. Secretary.

WHAT WILL BE THE RESULT?

We have sometimes contended, that as a matter of expediency, it would be better, if we could rightfully vote—to vote for the rank-est pro-slavery man that could be found, than for one favorably inclined to abolitionism, inasmuch as the election of the former would tend more to develop the encroachments of the slave power, alarm the North for the safety of their own rights, and thus arouse them to energetic and efficient action. We apprehend the annexation of Texas will have a somewhat similar effect. Who can say but that the closing act of Tyler's administration is fraught with the destinies of this nation, that within it lies concealed the germ of thought and action that shall work out a mighty revolution and redeem millions from Southern fetters and Northern vassalage.—The act which the plotting villain considers his master-piece, is often the means of his detection and overthrow; and who can say that the acquisition of Texas will not work out the destruction of slavery. Already we learn that rumors of contemplated insurrection are prevailing in the South, that information has been given to the citizens of Pensacola that the slaves were but awaiting the departure of a sufficient number of men to Mexico, when they would burn the town and destroy its remaining inhabitants. So great was the alarm that every precaution was taken to prevent such a catastrophe, and even the women kept loaded pistols by their side. It was truly said by John Randolph, that the planter is but a sentinel standing at his own door to guard his family against his worst enemy, his slaves. Notwithstanding all the gasconading of the South, her boast of what she would do in the event of a war with Mexico, she is wise enough to remember that a million of her slaves, to use the language of one of her own citizens, "are ready to rise and strike for freedom at the first tap of the drum," and therefore the requisitions of President, and Governors, and Generals, are not complied with in a manner worthy of her gunpowder chivalry. Her citizens know it would be a dangerous experiment to leave their slaves unguarded, a risk for which the acquisition of new territory would but poorly repay them. Although Southern pride may forbid the acknowledgment, the combined power of all the States south of Mason and Dixon's line, would be insufficient to defeat the armies of Mexico, and at the same time watch over the interests of their "peculiar institution." In the present crisis, the South depends upon the North to carry on the war into which her love of conquest and power, and the necessities of slavery has plunged the country; she relies upon that power on which she has ever relied in the hour of extremity, whether in a war of aggression, to repel invasion, or to put down insurrection. We hope the North will be slow to act, or rather that she will not act at all, except to repudiate a war against which every principle of justice, every feeling of humanity, and every dictate of national honor loudly and continually protest. We know there are many who regard the war with Mexico as one of aggression, and as much the peculiar concern of the South, as is slavery her "peculiar institution;" and of those who do not so esteem it, we apprehend there are but comparatively few who would be willing to encounter the Mexicans upon their own soil, and beneath the heat of a southern sun.

Though slavery is a peculiar institution of the South, we are Constitutionally bound to sustain it, and though the war with Mexico is her peculiar concern, yet we are Constitutionally bound to aid in carrying it forward. When Congress recognized the existence of war, it legalized it, and stamped it as Constitutional, no matter what was its origin.—Exercising the power which the people had

placed in that body, it authorized the President to raise 50,000 volunteers, using that term merely to distinguish them from the regulars of the U. S. Army. Acting by the authority of Congress, and in accordance with the power conferred upon him by the Constitution, he issued his proclamation, and made a demand upon the States for their respective quota of troops, either willing, or compulsory to be raised by invitation or by drafting. Did the President in this transcend the bounds of his authority? None will deny but he can name the Section and Article of the Constitution by which his course is justified. Is not the same true of the Governors of the respective States? Had the Executive of Ohio any other alternative than compliance with the requisition of the President, or did his oath of office leave it optional with him either to obey or disregard it? These are questions which many are beginning to discuss, and we trust that the present state of affairs will lead them to ascertain more fully the relation they sustain to the government, and reveal the nature of the authority they have, through the Constitution, invested in their government agents. These discussions will lead to the adoption of Disunion doctrine, every conversion to which will weaken the support of slavery in the North, and thus may the acquisition of Texas work the downfall of the system it was expected to sustain.

Some who yet reverence the Constitution, who almost worship that bond of American Union, feel that the war with Mexico is a base, an infamous one, and would fain avoid the responsibility that rests upon those who brought it upon the nation and who are now prosecuting it. But how can they do it while they remain in the government? The President has no other authority but that which they have given him; he acts as their agent, and they enable him so to do. Is Congress responsible for the war? Who but the people gave that body the discretionary power "to declare war"? In whose behalf was it acting, whose agents were its members? If the voters created it and invested it with life and power, upon whom rests the original responsibility of its actions? Who empowered the Governor to demand military service of the people; by whose authority does he call them to the battle-field and command them to peril their lives in behalf of the Union? The theory of this government is, that all the power it possesses, it derives from the people, that its authority is delegated, that its officers are the people's servants, not their rulers, and that the power which made, has the right to change, modify, or destroy it.—The conclusion therefore irresistibly follows, that they who created, and from time to time re-create, both the State and National governments, consent to, or agree to aid in carrying out all measures which those governments adopt, if they do not violate Constitutional provisions.

It is true, Polk can throw off all future responsibility, by resigning the office of President, Bartley all gubernatorial responsibility, by vacating the Governor's chair; but their responsibility as citizens, as voters, would still exist, and neither they nor any other supporters of the American Union, can absolve themselves from the daily accumulating responsibilities of this war, until they sever their connection with the government, and refuse longer to strengthen that power which has caused this nation to become "the byword of a mocking earth."

COLONIZATION MOVEMENT.

At the last Annual Meeting of the Am. Colonization Society, it was proposed, that Liberia, instead of remaining merely a settlement under the patronage of the Society, without a name among the governments of the earth, should take sovereignty upon herself, and be an independent nation. The friends of the colonization scheme are discussing this measure, and so far as we can learn, it appears to meet with general favor.

England and France would doubtless recognize the independence of Liberia, but we do not suppose the members of the Am. Col. Society are so ignorant as to believe that America would do so. If this nation were to recognize her independence, the American government would, of course, have to receive with all due honor, her Minister Plenipotentiary. This would never answer, for Henry Clay, the President of that Society, and the embodiment of colonization principles, as he is of Whig principles, would curl his lip with scorn at the idea of having a nigger Ambassador at Washington—an emancipated slave, perchance, whom he had sold from his Ashland plantation to some brother planter. The plan of independence may answer very well for colonizationists to talk about; it may be the means of giving them greater influence over Northern gullibility, but we have no idea that the managers of that society will be willing to relinquish their power in Africa, until forced to do so; and in the event of Liberia declaring her independence, we feel assured she would meet with no better treatment at the hands of the U. S. Government,

than did Hayti, that other 'nigger republic.'

Much as the American people love the niggers, they must keep in their proper places, which, in the estimation of our Democrats, always means in a subordinate condition.—Liberia, as the pet colony of slaveholders and their abettors, as the receptacle for the surplus slave population, is something worthy of notice, and furnishes texts for eloquent speeches, and pretexts for taking the people's money; Liberia, as an independent nation, would be regarded in a very different light.

MAL-PRACTICE IN OFFICE.

We thank our friend S. Reed for the information contained in his letter, and assure him that it was not through any fault of ours that the papers queried after were not received. We have regularly mailed two copies of the Bugle to Anstintown Post Office for Jane Henry and David Dillon from the time their subscriptions commenced until we received return papers from the Post Master of the date of May 1st, accompanied by the information that they were not taken from the office. Our correspondent says the fellow is pro-slavery, and intimates that he probably destroys the papers. 'Tis bad to be pro-slavery, 'tis wicked to forswear oneself and betray an official trust, and 'tis mean to lie about it and pretend to be an honest man.—If we knew the Post Master's name we would publish it, and recommend him as overseer to some southern plantation, a situation he is much better qualified to fill than the one he now occupies.

We shall send him a copy of this notice; and if any of our subscribers are acquainted with David Dillon, we hope they will inform him why his paper was not received. We shall this week re-commence sending it, and if the Post Master again refuses to perform his official duties, we desire to know it.

Some of our subscribers in other places have, perhaps, been served the same way by their Post Masters.

A REPLY.—To the friend who questions us in relation to the course pursued by Bartley, we would say, he has only done what his duty as Governor required of him, and what any incumbent of the office would have done in like circumstances if he had been faithful to his trust. The duties of the office do not vary, but are ever the same no matter what may be the opinions of the individual who for the time being has been elected to perform them. A Quaker Governor would have been as much bound to obey the requisition of the President for troops, as any son of thunder that ever filled the chair. And had the Liberty party been successful at the last election, Judge King would have perjured himself had he not acted as Bartley has done, and would have been a traitor to Liberty if he had; and if the war does not close before the election of Lewis—an event which we apprehend is far distant—he will be bound to aid in raising troops to march against the Mexicans if the President sends on a requisition to that effect.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The June number of this popular work contains the usual plate of fashions, and a fine engraving of Bedford Springs, Pa. We have found it a very interesting number. "The Bastille of France," by John Inman, contains many historical facts stranger than fiction, and which well illustrate the terrible character of that despotism whose safety required the infliction of such wrongs as the history of the Bastille reveals. Thank God, it has fallen, its strong walls have been demolished, and its dark dungeons thrown open to the light of day. May such be the speedy fate of all the Bastilles which now darken and dishonor the material or the spiritual world.

"Sybil Floyd," by Ann S. Stephens, is a tale which possesses quite an anti-slavery character, or tendency rather. It illustrates the crushing effect of that unholy prejudice which has consigned so many of our equal brothers and sisters to hopeless misery, for no other reason than because their complexions bear the trace of Africa's sun.

A new volume will be commenced next month, and we learn from the Prospectus which the publishers have issued, that they have appropriated the sum of one thousand dollars, to be given in premiums for the best articles written on the five subjects they designate.

PLEDGES.

Stephen and Abby Foster handed to the editors of the Bugle for collection, a list of pledges made to the American, and to the O. Am. A. S. Societies. The time at which some of them were to be paid has elapsed, and if convenient to the friends we should be glad if they would redeem such, especially as we have advanced money upon them to both Societies, not much, it is true, but we nevertheless need what we did advance.—We have not room this week to publish the names of those whose pledges are due, nor do we know that they need any other reminder than this notice.

FIRE IN WARREN!

The Business part of the town in ashes!!

We learn by the Western Reserve Chronicle that a terrible conflagration occurred in Warren on the night of the 1st inst. It is supposed the fire originated in the 2nd story of Bolleymeyr's building on Market street. The Post Office, the office of the Democrat, and that of the Herald, from twelve to twenty stores and shops, Lawyer's offices, dwellings, &c., were destroyed. The whole range of buildings on Market street, and extending from Main to Liberty street is in ruins.—The west side of Main street was frequently on fire, and was saved with great difficulty. The Chronicle states that a large amount of goods was destroyed, though amid the confusion attendant upon such a scene no accurate estimate can be made of the extent of such a loss. We regret to learn that a man was burned to death, Frederick Kane, a journeyman tinner.

BREAKING THE SHELL.

"I have been thinking very seriously of leaving the church," said a member of the Methodist Episcopal, to his class-leader the other day.

"I hope you are not going back into the beggarly elements of the world," rejoined the latter.

"No, but I think of leaving the beggarly elements of the church."

"Oh! you are getting to be an Abby Kellyite," said the leader.

"I am getting to be an Abolitionist," was the reply.

After a full delineation of the evils of ultra Abolitionism, and the character of those who advocate it, the class-leader concluded thus, "I believe if any body ever goes to hell, Stephen and Abby Foster will go there."

"Well, if they do, I want to go with them, for if they and other kindred spirits are there, it can't be a very bad place; at any rate, it will be infinitely preferable to the place where the church goes."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have some twenty of your communications on hand, all of which we should be glad to insert this week. If when you send an article, you would each send some half a dozen new subscribers with it, our list would soon warrant an enlargement of the paper, and then you would not be obliged to wait so long for the appearance of your communications. Will you not try to do so, and thus accommodate yourselves and advance the interests of the cause? Another very interesting article from "An Eye Witness" has been on hand two weeks; a reply to V. Nicholson from B. B. Davis was received some time since; two communications from the former were sent a long time ago; and besides these, friends Brooke, Smith, Curtis, and a host of others are waiting to be heard. We wish that we could impress upon you the necessity of being brief; if our correspondence increases as it has done for a few months past, we shall be obliged to reject all long communications.

On our fourth page will be found a sketch of Sir Robert Peel, the man who at this time directs the movements of the Ministerial party in England, and for the success of whose Corn Law Bill, thousands of Britain's starving peasantry are daily praying, and which if adopted will open an immense market for the bread stuffs of America.

ANTI-SLAVERY SEWING CIRCLE.

Will meet to-morrow afternoon at Henrietta Marshall's. A general attendance is desirable—it being the last meeting previous to the sale at New Garden.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The Warren Liberty Herald, after declaring that the United States invaded Mexico in order to sustain slavery, thus concludes an article on the war.

"But we are told that war is declared, and has been commenced, and therefore we must in duty stand by our Country. We would answer this in the words of a cotemporary, 'We will!' but we will not fail to show up in their proper light, our craven and wicked rulers, even while we drive Mexico before us and punish her temerity."

That is what we should call sinning against light, a direct violation of known right. How much more anti-slavery and christian are the sentiments of Dr. Snodgrass of the Baltimore Saturday Visitor. The Dr. does not profess to be a Liberty party man, he is not so far advanced as that party claims to be, and then too, we must bear in mind that his paper is published in a slaveholding State, and surrounded by enemies who are eagerly watching to catch at every thing which they think may be wrested to his disadvantage. In the concluding paragraph of a reply to a young friend who had asked him to use his influence to procure for him a Lieutenantcy in the troops to be raised for the Mexican war, he says:—

"However we might be disposed to discriminate between offensive and defensive warfare, feeling less repulsion for the latter, we cannot yield our approval to the present

war upon Mexico. It is an aggressive war. We, and not the Mexicans, are the invaders. We have sent our army to their soil, and provoked the very hostilities which our government now professes to regret. We cannot even plead the force of the annexation scheme. That portion of Mexico on which General Taylor planted our standard, was not even a part of the province which revolted under the encouragement of our people, winked at by our government, and which, without our aid, would to this hour have continued a Mexican province. We are warring in the wrong—warring to consummate, with rapine and cruelty, what was begun in fraud—to spread the area of Despotism in its pettiest and therefore worst form, under the pretext of extending the "area of Freedom." It is a war which will be disgraceful in defeat—disgraceful in victory—disgraceful always! It is a struggle against the omnipotence of Truth, beneath the frown of Justice—and therefore one in which no friend of ours will engage with our sanction, while we retain our present love of Right and hatred of Wrong."

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

From announcements of "Glorious Triumph," "Our army victorious," and other expressions of exultation with which the papers are filled, we call material for the following plain matter of fact statement: There have been two more battles between the Mexican and American troops, in one of which General La Vega was taken prisoner. The first battle was fought upon the 8th, and the second upon the 9th of May. The forces of the Mexicans was estimated at 6000, that of the Americans was 2300. Upon the principle, we suppose, of the more slaughter, the more glory, many accounts greatly magnify the loss sustained by the Mexicans, some making it as high as 1200 men. The despatches of General Taylor do not however report the Americans such wholesale butchers as some would have us think them. In an official communication under date of Point Isabel, May 12th, he says:

It has been quite impossible as yet to furnish detailed reports of the engagements with the enemy, or even accurate returns of the killed and wounded. Our loss is not far from 3 officers and 40 men killed, and 100 men wounded; while that of the enemy has in all probability exceeded 300 killed; more than 200 have been buried by us on the two fields of battle.

PRESBYTERIAN A. S. CONVENTION.

We expected to have received the minutes of the Presbyterian Anti-Slavery Convention held last week, in time for this paper, but from some cause they have not come to hand, and we only have time for a brief notice.—Eleven Presbyteries were represented, and there were several very able men in the body. The Convention sat two days, and the question of Slavery, and the church's position with regard to it, were freely examined. We regret the "most lame and impotent conclusion" arrived at, that it was a duty to remain connected with the General Assembly, till it saw fit to kick them out; but we could not doubt the sincerity of the belief that such was the course of duty. We trust that another year will bring a change of views; for we desire to see all those able and excellent men in a position where they can no longer be pointed to as countenancing a pro-slavery church. While freely granting that they may do something for the slave where they are, we are sure they could do much more, both for Christianity and for Liberty, by setting up a pure and bloodless standard.

Mr. Thomas, of Oxford Presbytery, and Mr. Dickey of Chillicothe, both showed that the Church had been, for seventy years, going deeper and deeper into the guilt of Slavery; yet they still cried hold on; and the vote against secession was nearly unanimous. We are mistaken, however, if the laity do not withdraw themselves, and leave their ministers and elders to hold on alone, before long. We hear much murmuring, and feel certain that it was a politic step to exclude laymen from the Convention. Had they not been excluded, it would have been extremely difficult to put down "Comeouterism." If the General Assembly does not (and we know it will not) take decided Anti-Slavery ground at its present session, many Anti-Slavery laymen will, we are assured, withdraw.—They have been bamboozled long enough.—Pittsburg Spirit of Liberty.

Have not the members of government also been bamboozled long enough? Nearly sixty years has the Union been going deeper and deeper into the guilt of slavery, yet still the cry of our friend Fleece is, "hold on." Has he less hope of reforming the Church than the State, or is the Constitution of the United States more anti-slavery than that of the General Assembly? We hope that ere long the editor of the Spirit of Liberty, whose honesty, independence and catholic spirit we admire, will occupy the same position in relation to a pro-slavery government, that he desires to see others sustain toward a pro-slavery Church.

IMPORTANT OFFER.—We understand from good authority, that one of the chiefs of the Creek Nation, now in Washington, has offered to the President the services of two thousand picked warriors, should they be required in the conflict with Mexico. This is a most praiseworthy movement, and we have no doubt will be made use of effectually if occasion requires.

The above announcement is taken from the Pennsylvania, a Philadelphia paper, and is one of the many evidences around us that what the fathers in '76 regarded as a criminal act, when perpetrated by George III upon them, the sons in '46 feel themselves justified

in inflicting upon others. Compare it with the following passage from the Declaration of Independence:

"He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions."

LIBERTY MEN AND PATRIOTISM.

Let not the revilers of liberty men henceforth open their lips against liberty men as being insurrectionists, traitors, insurgents or any thing of the kind, since among the first to volunteer for Texas, is the name of Maj. Wm. Larimer, Jr., as we believe, a good and honest liberty man, though in this instance the Major's zeal may run beyond his judgment.

We found the above in the Pittsburgh Mystery, and if we remember right, the name of Wm. Larimer Jr. has long been before the Pennsylvania people as Liberty party's candidate for Canal Commissioner, though perhaps the candidate and Major are different persons. We are not very much surprised at the movement, for he only volunteers to do what the Constitution requires of its supporters. Although we admire his consistency, yet we beg to be excused from posing a great deal of faith in the abolitionism of a man who is so eager to fight for Texas and Slavery.

CHARLES T. TORREY.

At a meeting of members of the religious denominations of Salem and its vicinity, held at the Methodist Episcopal House, May 28th, Rev. J. Coon, President, the following resolutions were adopted with but one dissenting voice:

Whereas, Slavery has laid its ruthless hand on C. T. Torrey, and crushed his physical constitution in its iron grasp, because he dared "to unto others as he would have others do unto him; therefore

Resolved, That in the murder of this our lamented brother, we recognize the system of Slavery an antagonist of Jehovah, and in league with the emissaries of Satan.

Resolved, That those who take sides with this murder, or with the institution which caused it, whether perceptible to themselves or not, are acting in opposition to God; and whether professors or non-professors, opposing that Church, against which it is said "the gates of hell shall never prevail."

Resolved, That while we weep with the bereaved wife and fatherless children, for one they shall never, never behold in time; while we mingle our tears and heartfelt groans with the three million slaves, who imploringly turn their eyes towards Heaven and exclaim, "Upon whom shall his mantle fall! Upon whom shall the spirit of Torrey rest?" and while our shriek is heard in unison with that of Freedom, we have the hope that his spirit, snatched from the attempted grasp of man, has gone to the embrace of Christ!

L. T. PARK Secretary.

TERRITORIAL LIMITS.—This country has a frontier line of more than 10,000 miles. We have a line of sea-coast of nearly 4,000 miles, and a lake coast of 1200 miles. One of our rivers is twice the size in length of the Danube, the largest river in Europe. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine, and the Hudson has a navigation of 120 miles longer than the Thames. The single state of Virginia is a third larger than England! Ohio contains 8000 square miles more than Scotland, from Maine to Ohio is farther than from London to Constantinople, and so we might go on and fill pages, enumerating distances, rivers, lakes, capes, and bays, with comparative estimates of size, power, and population.

When Senor Almonte, Minister from Mexico, was in the United States, some one remarked to him that his country had no power capable of resisting the force which our government could bring against it. "We have the remota," (yellow fever,) said he.

RAW SILK OF OHIO has become an article of export from the United States. Three bales were shipped from New Orleans for Liverpool last month.

The President has granted an unconditional pardon to Babe, convicted of piracy, and confined since his sentence in the New York Penitentiary.

Girard College, at Philadelphia, is now nearly completed. It will be the most magnificent, as well as one of the most substantial edifices in the Union.

In the single county of Mercer, Pa., there are now being erected fourteen new iron furnaces, and one thousand miners are now wanted to mine iron and coal in the valley of the Chenango.

Miss Dix, the indefatigable friend of the unfortunate, is in Mobile, laboring to improve the condition of the insane in Alabama.

Queen Victoria's liquor bill amounts to \$4,000 per annum.

J. McCLURE, & Co.

DEALERS in Produce, No. 11 Front st. between Main and Walnut, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

A Convention of members of the Society or Societies of Friends will be held at New Garden, on 3d day, 6th mo. 16th, (the day previous to the Anti-Slavery Convention there,) to consider their duties in relation to the subject of slavery. A general attendance is desired.

5th mo. week ending

POETRY.

THE WREN.

BY GEORGE S. DUNLEIGH.

In the twilight of the morning,
Ere the infant Day was strong,
To the poet's little window
Came a rush of joyous song;
Here or there it seemed it was not,
For it came from every where,
Thrilling by as if 'twere uttered
By the circumambient air.

Though the Robin sang his matins
O'er the budding walnut tree,
And the many birds were quiring
All around as glad as he;
In the spirit entered only
That diviner burst of praise,
As the earth, like charmed Memnon,
Answered to the warming rays.

Needs must then the voiceless spirit
Of the lingering breeze rejoice,
While with more than ayeen sweetness
Sang that universal Voice;
Needs must he be still and wonder,
At the clear and joyous thrill,
Uttered from the tongueless Silence
Brooding over vale and hill.

Looking from his little window
Saw the Bard a tiny Wren,
On the low wall of the garden,
Sitting where her nest had been;
Then he knew the living fountain
Of that gushing flood of song,
And his spirit held him musing
On the merry creature long.

Marvelled he that one so humble,
And so little kennel as she,
Yet could charm the ear of Morning
With so great a melody;
While the Hawks and mighty Eagles,
Lords and regents of the sky—
Harsh and cruel and unlovely,
Give their terror-sending cry.

Marvelled he that one so gifted,
Loved the humbler paths of earth,
While the proud and stern were claiming
Nobler dowers and heavenlier birth;
But there came a voice of wisdom,
Heard within the soul alone,
'Twas the Bard's attendant genius
Speaking to her chosen son:

"Poet, in thy simple chamber,
Least and humblest among men,
Learn a high and truthful lesson
Of the unambitious Wren—
Know that greatness is not goodness,
And the great are not the pure;
That the meekness of the gentle
Hath its boon of pleasure sure;

That the lay which most delighteth,
Is the music of the Heart,
Uttered movingly and earnest,
Fraught with life in every part;
That the simple song of Nature,
Chaunted in her tender strain,
Stirs the soul with sweet impulses
To re-echo them again;

"And for greatness sigh no longer,
But with calm eye fixed above,
Sing and live thy glorious poem
In unstudied Truth and Love!"
Ceased the song and ceased the spirit,
But her words within were sown,
And a high and truthful being
From that precious seed hath grown.

From the Philadelphia "Friend."

SINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

"BUY THE TRUTH," &c.
Go thou, in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, o'er thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright;
Sell all thou hast, and buy it,
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

Go, e'er the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth,
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise,
So place upon His altar
A morning sacrifice!

TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You can conquer, never fear,
Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If at last you would prevail,
Try, try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try, try again.

If you find the task is hard,
Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROBERT PEEL.

Sir Robert is a man of about sixty-two or three, of the middle height, rather corpulent, and upon the whole, a good looking fellow. He has by no means what is called an intellectual countenance, but one that would rather impress you with an idea of heaviness or dull sagacity, than the qualities of quick apprehension or versatile capacity, which he undoubtedly possesses. In his manners he is rather haughty and overbearing—or perhaps indifferent, would be the better term—than affable; nor does he relax an iota of his dignity to any, however high their birth or station, though in his official capacity no man is more courteous. Wellington, perhaps, is an exception—he is the only man to whom he bends. He regards the Duke with veneration almost approaching to idolatry, and chooses to consider him—or at least, to call him—his political father and tutor. Sir Robert is rather particular in the matter of dress, this used to be entirely black, with a velvet vest. He always had a weakness for a massive gold chain, and a passion for faultless boots.

No man has a greater love of applause, and none can submit with worse grace to the taunts or "ironical cheers" of his opponents. He cannot bear to be laughed at, and a trifling matter that some men would not notice, annoys him amazingly. We were present upon one occasion, when after an adjournment of Parliament, he condescended to treat his constituents with a choice speech on political matters. A large meeting was convened in the town hall, and upon his entrance he was of course, greeted enthusiastically, (for the townspeople of Tanworth look upon him with the same affectionate pride, as the Boston people do upon his American counterpart—Webster) but a few bad sheep will creep into the most select fold, and a few Chartists had arisen in that town. The leader of this party was in the hall, resolved to show his independence by interrupting the proceedings of the meeting. "Gentlemen," said Sir Robert. "Hiss, hiss," said the Chartist. "Turn him out," said the others. "I congratulate myself," continued Peel—"Hiss, hiss," said his opponent—"upon meeting you once more—"hiss, hiss." "Jack," said Sir Robert, (for he knows every man in the town by name), "Jack, in heaven's name, don't tax my modesty too far; the applause of a goose is more insupportable than his cackle." It was a poor joke, but he is a miserable jester. It produced a laugh, however, and silenced the man.

Sir Robert begins to make a speech by making an attitude. He places one hand upon the table, the knuckles of the other upon his hip, and commences in a bland manner, "Sir." For the first three minutes he will utter a few disjointed sentences, prefacing and finishing each one with an awful "Sir." Then he will place his right hand in his vest, and go to work in earnest. No matter how excited he may become, he waits at regular intervals for applause, and if he were to speak in an assembly where there were no "ironical cheers" to spur him on his mettle, or no "hear, hear," and loud cheering to encourage him, I believe he would break down.

He will occasionally exhibit a little petulance when interrupted by the sneers of the opposition, but he never suffers his temper to betray him into a folly. The severest rebuke he ever administered to any man, was to O'Connell, who had just been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, and came down to the house wearing his robes of office, in bravado. O'Connell had always been very civil in his attacks upon Peel, but that night he indulged in one of his violent scurrilous attacks. Sir Robert lost all self-command, and appeared perfectly maddened, as he rose to reply—"He thanked heaven that he was not cursed with the praise of a man, whose trade was treason, whose life was a calumny—and whose vituperation was the best proof of a minister's rectitude." We believe that was about the only time Peel was ever called to order.

He can be sarcastic when he pleases, but sarcasm is not his forte. When the last Whig Ministry was in its dying struggles, and a few measures were brought forward as inducements for the co-operation of the Tories, he lamented in pathetic terms the hard fate of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was angling with tempting baits for fishes that were not hungry and refused to be caught, and called upon the nation to admire a spectacle which the ancient poet had declared worthy of the gods, "a good man struggling against hopeless adversity."

Sir Robert does not confine himself to politics, but dabbles a little in everything. There is no better or more liberal patron of arts or literature, and his collections of paintings and statuary are second to few. As an agriculturist, he surpasses all his neighbors, and no year passes without his carrying away some of the principal prizes at the cattle shows. He used to attend the meetings in person, dine with the gentry after the business of the day, and make a speech that could not be surpassed for the practical knowledge it displayed, by any one of the native clod-hoppers. He has the best ponds and the finest fish in the country, the best horses, and the finest sporting dogs, the finest preserves, and is himself the best shot within twenty miles of his residence. He will forgive a man for any crime but destroying his game; a man may steal a sheep with less impunity than he may shoot a pheasant or "gin" a hare. These are sacred, and every October he will retire to the country, taking with him Prince George of Cambridge, and some twenty more of the cockney nobility, to relieve the turmoil of office and political wrangling with a fortnight's "baiting" shooting.

Sir Robert is immensely rich, though not a large landed proprietor. His estate does not comprise more than three thousand acres of land. The bulk of his money is in the funds. His family are all rich; he has five or six brothers, all living; each has a family of eight or twelve children. He makes it a rule never to give any situation under government to a relative; a few years back, he gave an office to his nephew, Col. Peel, but he did

not suffer him to enjoy it more than two months. He has established two annual prizes at Cambridge, at his own expense, both of which were won, the first year, by his own son, his fourth child, and the most promising member of his family.

POOR PAULINE! A TOUCHING TALE OF TRUTH.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Many of our readers have probably seen a paragraph stating that a young slave-girl was recently hanged at New Orleans, for the crime of striking and abusing her mistress. The Religious Press of the North has not, so far as we are aware, made any comments upon this execution. It is too busy in pulling the mote out of the eye of the Heathen, to notice the beam in our nominal Christianity at home. Yet this case, viewed in all its aspects, is an atrocity, which has, God be thanked, no parallel in heathen lands. It is a hideous offshoot of American Republicanism and American Christianity.

It seems that Pauline—a young and beautiful girl—attracted the admiration of her master, and being, to use the words of the law, his "chattel, personal to all intents and purposes whatsoever," became the victim of his lust. So wretched is the condition of the slave-woman, that even the brutal and licentious regard of her master is looked upon as the highest exaltation of which her lot is susceptible. The slave-girl in this instance, evidently so regarded it; and as a natural consequence, in her new condition, triumphed over and insulted her mistress—in other words, repaid in some degree the scorn and abuse with which her mistress had made her painfully familiar.

The laws of the Christian State of Louisiana inflict the punishment of Death upon the slave who lifts his or her hand against a white person. Pauline was accused of beating her mistress, tried and found guilty, and condemned to die. But it was discovered on the trial, that she was in a condition to become a mother; and her execution was delayed until the birth of her child. She was returned to her prison cell. There for many weary months, uncheered by the voice of kindness, alone, hopeless, desolate, she waited for the advent of the new and quickening life within her, which was to be the signal of her own miserable death! And the bells there called to mass and prayer meeting, and Methodists sang, and Baptists immersed, and Presbyterians sprinkled—and young mothers smiled through tears upon their newborn children; and maidens and matrons of that great city sat in their cool verandas and talked of love and household joys, and domestic happiness,—while all that dreary time the poor slave-girl lay in her dungeon, waiting, with what agony, the dear and pitying God of the white and the black only knows, for the birth of the child—her adulterous violator! Horrible!—Was ever what George Sand justly terms "the great martyrdom of maternity,"—that fearful trial which love alone converts into joy unspeakable—endured under such conditions?—What was her substitute for the kind voices and gentle soothing of affection!—the harsh grating of her prison lock—the mockings and taunts of unfeeling and brutal keepers!—What with the poor Pauline took the place of the hopes and joyful anticipations which support and solace the white mother, and make her couch of torture happy with sweet dreams? The prospect of seeing the child of her sorrow, of feeling its lips upon her bosom, of hearing its feeble cry—alone, unvisited of its unnatural father; and then in a few days, just when the mother's affections are strongest, and the first smile of her infant compensates for the pangs of the past,—the scaffold and the hangman! Think of that last terrible scene—the tearing of the infant from her arms, the death march to the gallows, the rope around her delicate neck, and her long and dreadful struggles (for attenuated and worn by physical suffering and mental sorrow, her slight frame had not sufficient weight left to produce the dislocation of her neck, on the falling of the drop,) swinging there alive for nearly half an hour, a spectacle for fiends in the shape of humanity. Mothers of New England! such are the fruits of Slavery—Oh, in the name of the blessed God, teach your children to hate it and to pity its victims.

Petty politicians and empty headed Congress debaters are vastly concerned lest "the honor of the country" should be compromised in the matter of the Oregon boundary. Fools!—one such horrible atrocity as this murder of poor Pauline, "compromises" us too deeply to warrant any further display of their patriotism. It would "compromise" Paradise itself. An intelligent and philanthropic European gentleman, who was in New Orleans at the time of the execution, in a letter to a friend in this vicinity, after detailing the circumstances of the revolting affair, exclaims, "God of goodness! God of justice!—there must be a Future State to redress the wrongs of this. I am almost tempted to say there must be a future state or no God!"—*Essex (Mass.) Transcript.*

ILLUSTRATION OF FORGIVING LOVE.

A friend of mine, with whom I was at the time, staying a few days as guest, told me the following circumstance. I once had a poor neighbor, who had a wife and several small children. His children were crying for bread, and he had none to give them. In his need, he broke open my barn, and stole three bushels of rye. I caused him to be arrested, and brought before the court. He confessed the deed, and stated before the court the reason why he acted as he did. He was convicted, condemned, and thrust into jail. His family, who wept by his side in the court, with crushed hearts and weeping eyes, returned to their desolate home. The husband and father had been convicted of felony, and cast into prison for a deed which he had committed to way for them from starving.

I got into the wagon, after I had seen him thrust into prison, and went on my way towards my house, congratulating myself that I had done good service to the State by securing a thief. The thought of the poor, bereaved, broken-hearted wife, and the starving little ones, from whom I had taken a husband and a father, did not once enter my mind.

My humanity was smothered in my gratified revenge.

Thus I rode along, thinking about the duty of executing the laws against thieves and robbers, and all evil-doers. As I was thus ruminating, by some unaccountable association of ideas, the petition of the Lord's Prayer, touching forgiveness, was forcibly brought to my mind, and I unconsciously spoke out aloud, saying, "Father, forgive me, as I have forgiven my enemy." I was going to say, "But it came to my mind just then, that I did not wish to be forgiven as I had forgiven the man who stole my corn. I was confounded. I dared not utter that petition. I tried again. 'Father, forgive me,' I cried aloud; but I dared not say, 'as I have forgiven my neighbor.' I was greatly dismayed to think I had brought myself into a position, in which I could not utter the Lord's prayer. I rode home in great distress of mind, put up my horse, entered the house, and felt so uneasy, that my wife observed my anxiety in my countenance. When she inquired the cause, I first told her that I had placed myself in a position which I never precluded me from asking God to forgive my sins, and then related all the circumstances of the case. She tried to comfort me—to convince me that I was over-righteous; that I could forgive the man, though I had punished him; and that I could ask God to forgive me, as I had forgiven him. But all his endeavors were to no purpose. My enemy in his dungeon, his broken-hearted wife, and his weeping children were continually before me, and my mind could receive no comfort from any source. I could not sleep that night. All the following day, which was Sunday, I walked about the house nearly distracted, wringing my hands in agony of mind, and crying out, 'Father, forgive me—Father, forgive me; but I could not say, 'as I have forgiven my neighbor.' In the evening, my wife suggested that I might perhaps get him out of jail, and restore him to his family. 'I will,' said I, 'if it cost all my fortune.' This determination for a moment brought peace to my mind; but the thought soon occurred, that I might not be able to get him out; or, that I might die before I accomplished it. This again threw me into distress. I walked about the house all that night, crying out, 'Father, forgive me; but I could not say, 'as I have forgiven my neighbor's trespass against me.'

Early on Monday morning, I called on the magistrates, told them that revenge had influenced me in the prosecution, and had for a time closed my heart against love, forgiveness, and humanity. I told them that I now saw my sin; and that I never could, without mocking God, ask Him to forgive me as I had forgiven my neighbor, while that neighbor and his family were all wretched, in consequence of my revenge. They kindly listened to my plea; and, on my entering into bonds for the man's good behaviour, they opened the prison and let him out. I took him into my wagon, brought him to my house, opened my barn, took a bag of rye, and then said to my neighbor, 'There, carry that home to your wife and children; and when it is gone, if you cannot get any thing for them to eat, come to me and you shall have more, while I have any.'

Peace was instantly restored to my troubled breast; and I exclaimed aloud, in the fullness of my soul, 'Father, forgive me now, as I have forgiven my neighbor.' THAT WAS THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE. My neighbor forgave me; and from that day, we have been on terms of loving intimacy."—*HENRY C. WRIGHT.*

THE YOUTH THAT WAS HUNG.

The sheriff took out his watch and said, "if you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes, and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home, I found my little brother gathering strawberries in the garden, and I became angry at him without a cause, and I killed him at one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until next morning, when I awoke from sleep, and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found, his hair was clogged with his blood and brains, and he was dead. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people. Never! Never! Never! touch any thing that can intoxicate." As he pronounced these words, he sprang from the box, and was launched into an endless eternity.

PREVENTION OF AMPUTATION.

Quite recently, a friend from the West, (Capt. Barney of Cincinnati,) related an interesting case of "Water-cure," which I think may not be uninteresting. "A soldier in one of our western forts received a wound in his hand, which became inflamed and swollen. The surgeon decided that the arm must be amputated to save his life. The inflammation appeared to advance towards the shoulder, and all efforts to arrest it had, so far, proved unavailing. The time was appointed and preparations were making for the operation. But the poor fellow, wishing to retain his right arm as long as possible, asked the privilege of keeping it for another day. His request was granted; he wandered about sad and melancholy, with his arm in a sling, the pain being so intense that he found it impossible to sit quietly, or place himself in any comfortable posture. He had not slept for a week, except when under the influence of narcotics. After spending some hours in this distressing state of mind and body, he cried a short distance from him, a clear spring of water, which came from a rise of ground by the way-side, formed into a stream by running through the bark of a tree which had been placed there for that purpose; he paused and gazed upon it, and imagined it would feel grateful and refreshing to his inflamed hand and arm. As all hope of saving it was gone, he thought he would indulge himself in letting this cool water run upon the wound; he accordingly removed the bandages, and sat down by the stream, placing the diseased part so that the water could fall upon it. After remaining in this position some time, the influence of this cooling and soothing remedy

caused him to fall asleep. He remained in this state of forgetfulness for two or three hours, and awoke free from pain. He arose and returned to the camp; and, on the bandage being removed by the surgeon, he discovered a great and, to him, unaccountable change; the fungus flesh had sloughed off, and the inflammation had subsided; he continued entirely free from pain. The surgeon inquired what had been done to effect such a change. He told him; and his reply was, 'you have saved your arm.'—*Water Cure Advocate.*

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.

Persons wishing to furnish themselves with anti-slavery Books and Pamphlets, can do so by calling on J. ELIZABETH JONES, one door west of the District School House, Green St.

NEW FIRM. HEATON & IRISH.

DON'T forget to call at the west end of Town, near Isaac Boone's and save time and money.

As the subscribers are now receiving a very heavy and splendid stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Thoroughly assorted, well selected, cheap purchased, and completely adapted to the wants of the community—equal to any in the town of Salem—*and not only a small stock of Old Goods,* we have great confidence in offering them to our friends and the public at large, as our fixed determination is to sell "as cheap as the cheapest," for ready pay, or to good men on *short rope*.

Our stock consists in part of Cloths, Satinets, Jeans, Tweeds, French Cassimer for coats and pants, Summer Cloth, Coating Croton Alpaca, cheap summer-wear for Pants and Coat; French, Scotch, English and Domestic Ginghams, Shambrays, Tickings, Checks, Sheetings, Drillings, Flannels, Mous de Laines, Lawns, Coburgs, Chasans, Cashmeres, De cos Organdies, Balzitrines, Jackinets, Swiss Crapes, Capeleises, Bombazines, Merinos, Dress Silks; lead, dark and brown Pongees; Umbrellas, Parasols, a great variety of Cap and Leghorn Hats, braided and hair Gipsy Bonnets, and Bonnet Edging and Ribbons. Men, women and children's Shoes, splendid 8-1 Cashmere, plain and figured Shawls, scarlet Marino Shawls, and Dress Hdks. of every variety and description, together with all sorts of Nicknackeries not to be enumerated here.

ALSO—Groceries, Queasware and Hardware, Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Chocolate, Molasses, Mackerel, Tar by the kil, summer mould Candles, Cincinnati and Palm Soap, Rice, Raisins, Oils, Paints, Shellac and Logwood.

ALSO—Crockery and Glass Ware of every variety; Iron, Steel, Nails, Glass, Shovels, Spades, Cutlery, Cotton Yarn, Hatter's Trimmings, Batting, Wicking, &c. &c.

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Any quantity of well handled, clean washed Wool bought at fair prices, for cash or "dicker," also Butter, Cheese, Rags Feathers and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange for Goods: "no exception this year," cash not refused.

For sale, a two-horse Wagon, a three year old Colt, and a fresh Milch Cow.

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Salem, May 24, 1846.

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DRUGS AND BOTANIC MEDICINES
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Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."

Ohio. New Garden.—David L. Galbreath
Columbiana.—Lot Holmes. Cool Springs.—
T. Ellwood Vickers. Berlin.—Jacob H. Barnes. Marlboro.—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Wayfield.—John Wetmore. Lowellville.—Dr. Butler. Poland.—Christopher Lee. Youngstown.—J. S. Johnson. New Lynn.—Marion Miller. Akron.—Thomas P. Beach.
New Lisbon.—George Garrettsen. Cincinnati.—William Donaldson. East Fairfield.—John Marsh. Selma.—Thos. Swayne. Springboro.—Ira Thomas. Harersburg.—V. Nicholson. Oakland.—Elizabeth Brook. Chagrin Falls.—S. Dickenson. Petersburg.—Ruth Tomlinson. Columbus.—W. W. Pollard. Georgetown.—Ruth Cope. Danbury.—Alex. Glenn. Garrettsville.—J. H. Pardee. Aluvaler.—E. Morgan Parritt. Farmington.—Win. Smith. Elyria, Lorain co.—L. J. Burrell. Oberlin.—Lucy Stone. Ohio City.—R. B. Dennis. Newton Falls.—Dr. Homer Earle. Ravenna.—Wm. Frasier. Franklin Mills.—A. Morse. Harford.—Anson Gatlick. Southington.—Caleb Greene. Mt. Union.—Owen Thomas.—Republican P. O., H. Wood.

INDIANA. Greenboro.—Lewis Branson. Marion.—John T. Morris. Economy.—Ira C. Maulsby. Liberty.—Edwin Gardner. Winchester.—Clarkson Pocket. Knightstown.—Dr. H. L. Terrill. Richmond.—Joseph Adelman.

PENNSYLVANIA. Fullerton.—Joseph Coale; H. Vashon, Pittsburgh.